

Memories of Mother and Dad-
Basic Home Making skills
Glen and Alta Wanlass
By Rhea Wanlass Lewis

Our parents were such good examples for us children. They taught us to be honest and to be the best that we could be. We are so thankful for them and have many memories of them. We want to share some of those memories with each other and for our children.

Mother and dad never paid any rent for a place to live. Dad had saved some money and they lived in grandpa Wanlass' home for a few months and lived on things from the garden until they had enough to pay cash for the home at 442 North center. I believe this home cost \$4,000.

Dad always paid cash for the things they had or they went without until they could afford it. We never went without what we needed and never knew there was another way to live. Our parents had gone through the depression and knew the value of a dollar. They would make do with what was available and re-use things until they were used up.

We had good nutritious meals that mother would cook for us. Most things were made from scratch. We didn't have many ready to cook products. In the 1950's cake mixes came into the stores, this was one thing we used often, the cakes were much lighter than homemade.

She made homemade bread, often four loaves in the dripper and also some single loaves in other bread tins and usually a round pan with biscuits for supper, often with soup cooked all day in the deep pot on the back of the stove.

Mother saw that we had fish once a week. We got a spoonful of cod-liver oil on a regular schedule. We had plenty of steak one year when dad bought a beef. Pork chops, macaroni and cheese, beans and ham, and usually chicken or a two

dollar beef roast with potatoes and gravy for Sunday dinner.

Mother made rolls for special occasions. She was a good cook and would often say, we need a piece of bread in one hand, that was to fill us up, which she probably learned from her mother who made lots of bread to fill up her ten children and guests.

In the summer, we had many vegetables that dad would grow in the garden. Sunday was the day we all ate together, it was the only day that dad didn't have to work at the service station, so it was a special time between church times to have dinner.

We attended Sunday School at 10:00 a.m., then Sacrament meeting at 7:00 p.m. in the evening. There were plenty of dishes to wash after the large meal, but mother made it a time to visit and discuss the things we had done that day. Stanley was in charge of getting the large pitcher full of well water from Vaughn's well which was across the fence from our back door. We would listen to "Sammy Kaye" on the radio during dinner. He played soft wonderful music.

I remember going with mother to buy a live chicken. Mr. Goates would tie the legs together and mother would take the chicken home. When dad would get home, he would chop its head off and then mother would take rolled-up newspaper and set it on fire to get the pin feathers off after she had picked the large feathers from the bird. Then she would have to clean the insides out and cut the chicken up and then cook it. We never heard of buying a ready to cook chicken until years later when we were a little older.

We rarely would go out to eat when we were little, maybe on special occasion like after primary conference or to the fair. We never heard of pizza or tacos etc. until high school. Mother also made good desserts like cake and pie and often warm rice and raisins with sugar and milk. She made good cookies. Some of the recipes I still use after all these years.

Sunday was the day mother would have dad take our pictures after church

with our good clothes on. I remember her getting after us for not polishing our shoes on Saturday, then she had to do it on Sunday morning, usually on the large pull-out bread board with newspapers covering the board.

She also wondered why dad waited until dinner time to sharpen the butcher knife to cut the roast. He usually did this on the back porch cement step. Mother would bottle fruit and pickles and I even remember her bottling carrots and deer meat. She would say when the sun comes in the kitchen window and reflects in the dishpan, its time to bottle tomatoes, peaches, and pears.

Mother made most of the dresses we wore or sometimes we had hand-me-down from Marilyn Davis. On Easter she made us navy blue capes with poke-a-dot lining or other pretty dresses, often with many ruffles. She also usually made us a dress for Christmas and new pajamas for Christmas eve, so we would look nice for our picture on Christmas morning.

Mother also was very good at crocheting. She made many afghans and edging for pillow cases and trim for underwear for Dallan when he was a baby. She made a tablecloth and many doilies. She was also good at embroidery and most kinds of sewing. She made many aprons for her friends and family using rick-rack for the trim. She made aunt Anna a yellow dress with fancy stitching around the pocket and sleeves.

When we children were small, she would use grandma Wanlass' treadle machine to sew our clothes, until dad bought her a new machine with a blonde cabinet. She loved this machine and it sat in the dining room for many years. Sometimes, if the article of clothing mother made didn't turn out as well as planned, or it didn't fit very well, she would say, "It looks like a saddle on a milk cow."